

SUMMER, 1968 NO. 816 \$150

# CABARET

Queens

QUARTERLY

**DARING PHOTOS  
OF**

*Nude Beauties*  
**the World Over**

**INTIMATE  
DETAILS of  
THEIR LIVES  
and LOVES**

**REVEALING  
SCENES**  
on  
**STAGE  
and  
OFF**



# CABARET

## QUEENS

### QUARTERLY



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# Life of the Showgirl

OFF HAND, it's difficult to see why a girl would want to work in a cabaret. The hours are socially debilitating, the conditions are usually undesirable, the work is never secure, and the pay, unless one is really a star, is not a lot to talk about. Beating off the meaty paws of garillas who think all showgirls like to put out is another unpleasant aspect of the job.

So like we said, what's the attraction?

A recent survey conducted by this magazine among 200 showgirls gives the answer almost to a woman — the substance of the reply to the question, "Why do you continue to work as a showgirl?" being, "Because there is excitement in being in the public eye . . . performing for an audience is thrilling . . . feeling the empathy, or even the dislike of the viewers is a wonderful experience." In short, being involved with people in an important way is what grabs them all.

This reaction of the girls is apparently general to the human condition. It is said, for example, that Adlai Stevenson stayed on at the United Nations, even though apposed to the administration's policy, because he enjoyed being "where the action is."

"Where the action is," of course, describes the cabaret scene perfectly. And that's what makes the life of a showgirl — any showgirl — interesting. Far no matter where she lives, or what she does, the cabaret queen is a feline who stalks excitement. And, as everyone knows, men like gals who like excitement.





# danielle defrere

## SHE LIVES ALONE — AND LIKES IT

VERY FEW persons actually know Danielle Defrere. Oh sure, photographers, producers and agents know her as a model, actress, beauty queen and a commission; and connoisseurs of glamour know her as 38-24-38 with a lovely, expressive face below a line of bold faced type spelling her name. But those are views of Danielle as a "personality" and a figure, not, however, as a person.

The person of Danielle is as fascinating and appealing as her physical charms, for she is, in the truest sense of the word, a loner. She is a person unto herself who needs little outside help for amusement and securing a healthy self-image. Her world is within her mind, she enjoys that world and is very content therein.

Those who suppose themselves "hip" would say that Danielle "does her own thing." For instance, she is a self-taught guitarist, and her "expert" instruction in acting consisted of her own script, a tape recorder and a keen sensitivity to deep emotions. This "do-it-yourself" idea has even carried over into less aesthetic aspects of her life. She is, for example, a discerning interior director, a skillful cook, and, believe it or not, she probably knows more about carburetors and speed shifting than most men. She is also building an add-on room to her house.

But, though one would suspect that this seemingly solipsistic world would cause her to become dull or detached, quite the opposite is true. As Danielle herself puts it, "I like most people very much. I find them both exciting and curious, but I don't really need them to make my life interesting and enjoyable."

When we asked her if any of the people she found interesting were men, she said, "Yes, men are very exciting, but not collectively — just one at a time."

Now just 24 years old, Danielle has already established herself as a movie and modeling personality. Leaving her Liege, Belgium home at the age of 18, she took an apartment in Brussels and headed almost immediately for photography studios. Her modeling technique developed quickly, as her figure developed the fascinating contours of maturity, and she soon









became a popular subject for advertising and TV modeling. Then, in 1964, she celebrated her 20th birthday as Miss Beligique.

Immediately after the contest, Danielle dropped out of sight for some three months. Later, when asked about her unannounced "vacation" she replied, "When I left the auditorium that night, I went to a bakery, and purchased a cake. Then I took the tram to my apartment where I placed 20 candles in the cake, made a wish and blew them out. The next day I flew to Italy to look at things."

One would imagine that her birthday wish was for stardom, for it was after her return that she taught herself acting and was cast in the movie, *The Brides of Fu Manchu*. But Danielle disclaims any desire for fame, stating simply, "The only wish I have ever made was for happiness and contentment."





# CAROL RYVA



## A ZEST FOR LIVING

**N**OTHING IS QUITE as exciting as a person who thoroughly enjoys life, a person who digs what is happening in both laughter and tears and reacts to each with energy. In fact, just watching such a person live can make one's own life more interesting and thrilling.

One such person is Carol Ryva. She is very French, 25, with a perfect figure, and a happy attitude that is presently making her one of the most exciting strippers in Europe. One of the major reasons for the sensations she sends trembling through an audience is her open-minded acceptance and joy of living.

Carol thoroughly enjoys her work in show business, stripping all the way in London one week, bringing wide-eyed Danes charging to the stage the next, then flying off to Italy to do a movie. Her life is fast and active. She is one of those seemingly indefatigable persons who can keep going strong with only snatches of sleep caught on a bus or in the dressing room. Yet, despite her nearly constant activity, she never appears nervous, but is always well composed and smiling. Expressing the bubbly joy of living comes naturally to Carol.

Strangely enough, Carol was raised in a region of France that would seem to restrain happiness. She was born among the rugged hills near the Spanish border where grapes or rye sometimes grew, but more often withered in the burning sun. Perhaps, because her parents never knew whether the



next day would bring a loaf of bread or starvation, they chose one constant for their lives—laughter. More than concern for poverty, Carol drew the elements of laughter and happiness from her parents' characters.

As she matured, Carol became the Princess of the region, blessing her people with beauty and smiles. But country ways could not contain such a spirited person, so at her coming of age Carol's parents sent their girl to relatives in Paris.

Then fate took over. Carol secured a waitressing job in a nightclub that featured the strip tease. She was immediately thrilled by the prospect of one day becoming a performer, and at the same time she was discovered by a dance instructor who taught her how to move with elegance and excitement. After a period of training she was introduced to cabaret audiences, and became a nearly instantaneous success. Her beauty and vibrance were magnetic, and today she maintains an "electricity" that brings cabaret audiences to their feet throughout the world. And she owes her astounding success to a characteristic that comes to her as naturally as breathing — a







## CONVERT OF THE RISING SUN

**D**IANE WAS BORN and raised in San Francisco, down by the bay where merchant vessels from the Orient disgorge the material products for their culture. From her youth, Diane spent hours by the bay, deep in fantasies. Seeing the colors of the Rising Sun atop the mast of a ship sent her on imaginary adventures into a different world.

Even as she matured, her fascination for the Orient continued and actually took on substance as she poured through books relating to the history and culture of the East. Her constant dream was to tour the Orient, if even for a few weeks.

Diane's natural ability in the dance, and a gift from nature of a beautifully proportioned body sent her almost directly from high school to a troupe of cabaret performers. She had not been with the troupe for very long before her life-long wish came true. The entire company was signed for a tour of Japan.

Anticipation of the tour sent Diane into a veritable frenzy of wonder. Would Japan really be all that she had imagined? Wasn't it true that reality often came disastrously short of fantasy? And most important of all, would the Japanese like her?

Of course, reality did fall somewhat short of her











dreams, but Diane was pleasantly surprised by how much she enjoyed the Japanese way of life. And an even more pleasant surprise was that the Japanese thoroughly liked her as a person. So completely was she accepted by them, and so thoroughly did she enjoy the people and their culture that she decided to stay.

Now totally assimilated into the Oriental culture, Diane has no immediate plans of returning to the United States. But that is not to say she never has thoughts of home.

"Of course," she explains, "I miss my parents and friends. And occasionally I get a craving for hot dogs, strawberry shortcake, or a football game, but not often.

"For a long time," she continues, "I have considered myself a citizen of the world, rather than any one country. It just happens that I prefer Japan."

Japan's gain is America's loss, for Diane is an exciting cabaret dancer who can really turn it on. But who are we to deny a girl her happiness and the fulfillment of her dreams? Diane has become, after all, a member of a culture that in various ways fascinates every American, whether he particularly digs Japanese prints, tape recorders, or Geisha houses.

And now, yet another attractive aspect has been added to the Rising Sun — the sexy strip of Diane. **C**





**PAMELA CONWAY**



## **BEAUTY WITH A BRAIN**

**O**NE RARELY finds a perfect combination of powerful sex and intellectual prowess. In fact, one would expect a lusty chick, such as a full-bodied cabaret performer to consume her spare moments spreading paint on her toes, rather than on a canvas. But then, Pamela Conway is not what one would expect to find in a cabaret — as far as her mental endowments are concerned.

For instance, she finds classical music more moving than the howls of Top 40 stars; she believes the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald contain more food for thought than true romance magazines; and she is more deeply inspired by a wild Van Gogh than a careful Norman Rockwell.



Admittedly, it is rather surprising, and refreshing, to find a thoroughgoing intellectual engaged in singing and dancing, although Pam herself does not find it the least bit strange.

"I like to sing and dance," Pam tells us, "and for some reason I must eat to stay alive. So I sing and dance. When I'm not singing and dancing or eating to survive," she continues, "I paint, read, play music on the piano or write. As a matter of fact, I find my life intriguing."

But, of course, bodies have a way of aging, and at some time hers will no longer be up to such things as cabaret dancing. Having this in mind, *Cabaret* asked Pamela if she had some more secure career in mind. Had she ambitions toward acting or the commercial arts?

"I won't have to consider such things," she stated, "until I am unable to work as a dancer. I am presently quite content with my life, and it would seem a great waste of time to concern myself with the future before I am there."









## SPIRITUALISM IN THE NUDE

**I**T IS NOT unusual for a medium to attempt to reach Uncle Joe or Aunt Sally from beyond the grave to seek advice or information, or to simply enjoy a pleasant chat. But it is most unusual when a beautiful young girl, whose dimensions place her very much on this side of the grave, insists that to be successful, the attempt to contact spirits must be made in the nude — and further, does it that way for a living on the stage of a night club!

That's right. Lovely Jean Howard holds public seances on the cabaret stage with barely a garment to cover her delicious nudity. And it's not just a gimmick, for Jean is a serious medium who believes that spirits can more readily be conjured up by a spiritualist unadorned with those material objects that have meaning only for this life.

The way she works it is to ask for several volunteers from the audience, who come up on the stage and sit cross-legged in a circle with her, holding hands. Jean says the seance would be much more effective if everybody had his clothes off, but she realizes the problem that would raise, so she does the best she can under adverse circumstances.

With everyone in the right position, the lights go out, except for a spotlight which illuminates the nude shape of Jean. After a half-minute or so, eerie strains of music are heard and the luscious spiritualist goes into a trance, muttering strange-sounding words, and making jerking motions with her body. Suddenly, she stands up, gyrating and oscillating her physique in a frenzy of passion as a lucky spirit takes possession of her. Then, in a weird sing-

# JEAN HOWARD



song voice, she speaks the words of the spirit to whomever in the seance was interested in establishing contact with it. As she speaks, Jean continues to wriggle her charms so sensuously that anyone who is not particularly interested in what the spirit has to say could hardly suffer boredom.

Jean believes that her astonishing success in attracting spirits is definitely a consequence of her nudity. If she were clothed, she thinks that hardly a ghost would give her a nod. And that's a belief that no one (not even a Doubting Thomas) can contradict, because it's a fact that those spirits who make it back from the great beyond at Jean's behest have all been former males.

**C**







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# mar gar et rolan

AS ENGLISH AS  
YORKSHIRE PUDDING

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THE ENGLISH have long been known for their tenacity and sense of humor. After all, what people could reside on a fog-bound rock for centuries without either going mad or laughing at themselves? They have somehow survived Napoleon, Hitler, the dwindling of an empire, and the hostility of DeGaulle with their senses intact and their will to continue stronger after each setback.

What, you may ask, does this have to do with a 24-year-old, 33-24-33, blonde cabaret star? Well, precisely this, Margaret Rolan has the strength of the isle in her veins, and is actively engaged in the task of raising England from its current economic ills.

She, in concert with hundreds of other English girls, has volunteered an extra, unpaid effort in a patriotic addendum to the austerity program. These photos are actually an expression of this effort, for she and her photographer have created these photos at their own expense. Profits taken from their sale to foreign magazines



As part of a patriotic effort to raise her beloved country from economic doldrums, Margaret has volunteered to show males abroad why they should visit England no matter how high the tax penalty. In addition to her contribution of glamour photos, Maggy serves as a nurse's aid in her spare moments between cabaret stints.







are then contributed to a project for slum clearance in the Soho district of London.

As if that were not a sufficient contribution, Margaret has also volunteered her services as a nurse's aid in London hospitals. This has resulted in several humorous turnabouts, as when Margaret bathed an admirer of her nude revues, and gave a shot in the derriere to a patient with a singular interest in that portion of *her* anatomy.

But, of course, "all work and no play, etc." does not apply to a swinging Englishwoman like Margaret. Aside from her volunteer efforts for England, and her cabaret performances for the pleasure of merry Englishmen, she manifests a particular interest in horses — both on the track and in the field. They fascinate her.

Having literally ridden a horse since before she could walk, Margaret takes to the countryside on week ends, where she either joins in a hard-riding fox hunt, or canters casually over the tranquil hills with a companion. After a day of quiet riding or chancing the fox, a rather happy bash ensues at one of her friends country manors. The bill of fare generally includes sparkling wines, roast lamb, bubbling, uninhibited conversation and, of course, Margaret's favorite — Yorkshire pudding. What could be more appropriate for a vibrant, patriotic English girl who believes in having fun and doing something for her country?





# THE STRIPTease AS AN ART FORM

# SANDRA

# LEE



**I**N THE PRESENT era of wide-flung protest demonstrations by people dressed in extraordinary costumes, the idea of a girl riding nude on a horse down the street to show her objections to establishment practices, as Lady Godiva did in eleventh-century England, would not elicit much emotional heat. There is, however, a girl with an electrifying 36-23-34 body down California way who, while riding a horse nude, and inviting Toms to peep as much as they like, generates enough high-voltage emotion to cook the toughest guy.

The girl is Sandra Lee, who nightly performs on the stage of the Largo as Lady Godiva. Using a life-size horse mannequin as a prop, this Texas-born 22-year-old strips down to bare in a classic style of the tease that is hardly ever seen today. The talented stripper, you see, is a student of the art.

Sandra believes strongly that the striptease is as much of a legitimate dance form as the ballet. She feels that there is a certain basic pattern of choreography that imprints a formal



ritual on the take-it-off dance, just as there is in ballet. And though within the interstices of that basic pattern the girl is permitted to display improvisations that establish her as good, bad, or indifferent, she must grasp the essentials of the formal side of stripping, or she will fail as an artist of the great undress, no matter how large her natural talents.

In other words, there are ways to take off clothes and ways to take off clothes. Sandra, as Lady Godiva, knows how to remove her duds in a way that stokes the fires of desire in every male's furnace. And those rising body temperatures put one hell of a strain on the air conditioning system.

The object of most envy when Sandra performs is her horse, a role many a man in the audience has volunteered to play, even though it would mean making an ass of himself. **C**







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# BRANDY PATRICK

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## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN HER BLOOD



**E**VERY POPULAR trend attracts a horde of dissatisfied housewives and malcontents of one kind or another. And so it is with folk singing. All kinds of people with no background in and no talent for the musical plunking of a guitar, and the singing of folk songs, have become enthusiastic about the art simply because the activity offers them an illusory new outlet for the ceaseless and hopeless strivings of their neuroses.

Happily, out of this melange of neurotic nellys a performer of true artistic merit and genuine interest occasionally emerges. Such a performer is Brandy Patrick, a beautiful, 33-26-36 purveyor of American ballads.

Descended from ancestors who actually did fight in the American Revolution and the War of 1812, Brandy is dedicated to the genealogy of both her family and her family's country.

Consequently, it was only natural for her to take up the guitar and recount the history of the United States in a pleasing soprano voice. Gifted

Exhibiting a variety of moods (left, right, far right), Brandy at the same time reveals natural endowments of face and figure that explain her popularity as a folk singer of American ballads.



















with beauty of face and body, Brandy obviously has everything going for her in every way.

She is not the kind of descendent of the American Revolution who sees her ancestral links as an excuse for snobbery, nor does she subscribe to the conservative ideology of many such people. On the contrary, Brandy's views on politics and civil rights are extremely liberal, and she sympathizes deeply with hippies, Vietnicks, and other embattled protest groups.

"To me," she says earnestly, "the message of American history is that we must learn to practice the ideals of peace and brotherhood that we have always espoused, but not often have practiced. That at least is the message I try to convey in my singing."

And what better way is there to learn about American history than to sit at the feet of the beautiful professor Patrick?



# CHERIE CAPRICE

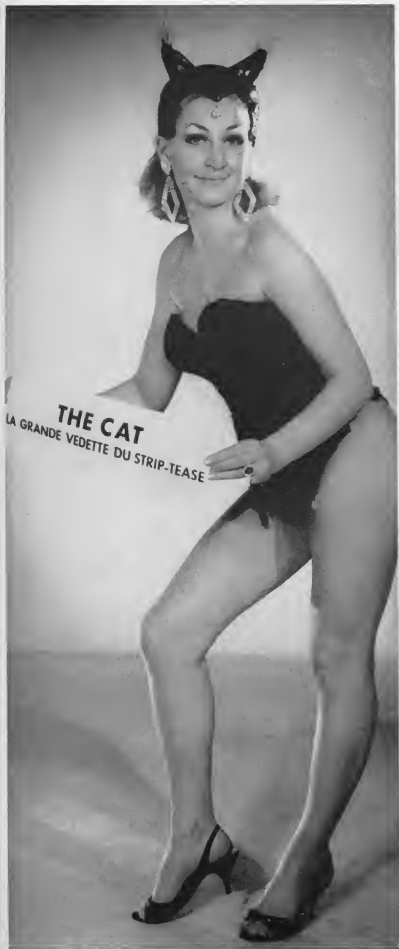
SOME WOMEN are most appealing in the refreshing air of morning, others become sparkling mysteries in the heat of the afternoon, but the most fascinating, the most magnetic are at their best when illuminated by moonlight.

And Cherie Caprice is one of those nighttime women whose spirit electrifies the darkness. The torrid French stripper, when speaking to *Cabaret* about her volatile performance, stated, "With the full moon I am getting peppery . . ."

But that hardly describes her fiery method of disrobing. More accurately, we would say that her shaker contains dark grains of dynamite that cause her devoted audiences to explode with applause, whistles — and sighs.

"I am very anxious to undress with elegance," says Cherie, showing her professional briefs which are hardly more than a golden strand of ribbon. "In comparison





*"I wax  
fullest  
with  
the  
new  
moon"*



with *that*," she smiles, "the panties of a hippie are respectable."

But, of course, Puritan respectability has never been a part of the burlesque scene. In fact, Cherie has such contempt for what the straight-laced regard as proper that she sometimes runs into problems. For instance, when speaking of her act in Spain she grimaces, saying, "There you are not allowed to undress completely. That means you have to keep the brassiere on."

But even with that limitation the capricious stripper manages to bulge some Spanish eyes with her exclusive interpretation of the bump-and-grind standard.

And though this 23-year-old, 33-24-36 doll manages to set the night on fire, her daytime image is one of calculated composure. She dresses, as any professional woman, in a modest, conservatively cut suit, never giving as much as a hint of the "pepper" she can shake when the full moon glows.

If nocturnal prowls are in your blood, and if the full moon is what turns you into a wolf, then you will find a companion spirit in Cherie.



Revealing a complexity of character not often attributed to a striptease dancer, Cherie evokes variety of moods to suggest underlying feline quality of her personality.





# MARION CHILLA

SWINGER  
EXTRAORDINARY

ONE OF the nice things about being young is having a lot of energy. But even for a 19-year-old, the German Fräulein Marion Chilla is an inexhaustible package of dynamite, who keeps Berlin rocking with the force of her explosive way of life. Her acquaintances call her the Bombshell of Berlin.

Aside from the hours she puts in at the night club where she





does a torrid strip act that stops even the good burghers from quaffing their steins of beer, nothing at all is regulated in the life of Marion. From dawn to dusk, and from dusk to dawn, this young lady swings, swings, and swings again. It's a rare 24-hour period when the guy she starts out with after work is still with her when she arrives home for a couple of hours of sleep before bouncing out of bed, hastening to the club to perform her act, and then begin swinging all over again. As a matter of fact, it is extremely rare for *two* Lotharios to keep up with the one-and-only, fireballing Miss Mc<sup>2</sup>.

The first guy might stay with her through the party they attend where she sips brandy, gin, champagne, and beer, and dances every new and old dance for hours on end without showing any signs of fatigue. He may not, however, be in con-





dition to join her afterward in making the rounds of the late-late clubs and discotheques for more drinking, dancing, and singing. Or to take a long walk at a rapid pace.

Who then will accompany her to the beach for a long, endurance swim, or go with her afterward on an unflagging tour of the smart shops in jazzy downtown Berlin?

And who would then be fit to speed with her in her Jaguar to the stables for a long, hard horseback ride in the sun? Then go to a health club for calisthenics, volleyball, several jogs around the track, and a steam bath?

And then — but what's the use . . . you get the picture.

Now you know why, for men, when she answers the phone by saying, as a joke, "Mortuary Gruenwald" — the district of Berlin where she lives — it's not so funny.





# World of the Cabaret

PEOPLE WHO restrict their entertainment kicks to forms of mass communications like TV and the movies, or to spectator spectacles like baseball and football games, never get to experience the peculiar charm of the cabaret scene, where the rapport between performer and audience, and the intimate atmosphere and darkened interior, create a secluded environment far from the neurosis producing tensions of modern life.

Viewing the performer in a night club, one sees her every movement, one feels the waxing and waning of her emotional state, and perhaps one confronts her personality directly, in a brief or lasting look into blazing or quiescent eyes, that communicates the sensuous essence of her nature more profoundly than all her physical cavorting, contorting, and sinuous slithering.

In short, one does not strain to see a miniature figure in action on a distant stage, nor a synthetic two-dimensional "shadow" flitting fitfully across a screen of small or large dimensions — but rather one sees a vibrant, living human, a subject of genuine empathy with whom one can merge emotionally, and come away refreshed by an experience of liberating catharsis.

Of course, if you can't make the cabaret scene, or you want more convincing evidence of its value than can be expressed by mere words, leafing through the following pages and viewing the interiors of famous clubs around the world should do it. The pictures of the girls should give you a jolt, too. If you're alive, that is.





By Stan Holden



WHEN HAROLD MINSKY'S famous Rialto Burlesque Theater in Chicago was torn down in the mid-1950's — to make room for Smoky Joe's clothing shop and the Little Big Dollar Store — the bald-headed boys from the front row shed a collective tear and vowed to wait patiently for Minsky's return. They knew he would; it was just a matter of *when*.

It took more than a decade, but their hero finally made it back, at least temporarily. Last spring, and



again in the fall, the road show known at various times as "Minsky's Follies" and "Life Begins at Minsky's" played the elegant Marine Room at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. From there, they continued on to other towns (including Mineola on Long Island in New York), and as you sit there reading this it's just possible that the Minsky retinue is on view somewhere nearby. If it is, don't miss it.

The gags may be old and corny, the male singers may be thankfully inaudible, but the girls — and there are *lots* of girls — are young and beautiful, and their costumes make it perfectly plain that they *are* girls!

# TWINKS

*The glory  
that was  
burlesque*



# THE MINSKY GIRLS

## Big Boobs, Bawdy Jokes



Although the cast of the Minsky road show changes from season to season, and sometimes even from performance to performance, it normally consists of three featured strippers, a boy-and-girl dance team, a couple of comics with "beautiful-but-dumb" female stooges, a novelty act (comedy adagio team or the like), the Minsky Dancers (those who wear bras) and the Minsky Girls (those who don't). It's a lively, fast-paced show, especially when the girls are on stage, though it may drag a bit during an over-long "comic" routine. (Occasionally, after a "joke," the silence is so thick you can hear a pastie drop.)

A typical show starts with the roll of drums and a minute of "Get-set-here-it-comes" music. An attractive brunette appears in an evening gown and, enunciating like a member of high society, announces that the show is *not* like the old burlesque shows. "No baggy pants comedians," she warns. "And *no* nudity!" With that — a second before the audience is about to get up and leave — her dress flies off, leaving her cowering in G-string and pasties before fleeing offstage in mock horror.

The curtain rises swiftly and almost the full cast is suddenly there: the boy-and-girl dance team, the Minsky Girls, the Minsky Dancers, and the male singer, working with a wireless mike. The band — the regular house orchestra, really — is playing too loud for anyone to hear the singer, but nobody cares because all eyes are glued on the six Minsky Girls and a dozen braless breasts covered only with tiny pasties hanging on for dear life.

The girl member of the dance team is topless, too, and as she maneuvers closer and closer, and finally right against her partner, the audience wonders how he can still keep his cool and remember the steps. But he does, and then the dance is over.

The Minsky Girls come on once more after a quick change and then, all too soon, they're gone, and the stage is turned over to the comics. One is in baggy pants, or close to it, while the other is normally dressed, and they're joined by two straightmen — the curviest straightmen in the business. Then (get set, here it comes) the "jokes" begin to come thick and fast.

First comic: "I was arrested for statutory rape."

Second comic: "Statutory rape?"

First comic: "Yeah. And if I knew it was a statue, I wouldn't of tried it."

Happily, it doesn't last too long, and the curtains close and the lights dim. The electrician slips a purple gel on the main spot as the band goes into a fast and sexy number, which is appropriate, because the next stripper is a fast and sexy number herself who goes by the name of Linda Gable. Recently promoted from the line of Minsky Girls when a featured stripper went back to college (no kidding), Linda is a graduate of a fancy private school in Chicago and a pretty good dancer.

## and suggestive squirming—it's all there...

As Linda dances across the width of the stage and down the runway jutting out into the audience, she peels off her elbow-length gloves . . . then discards the top of her gown . . . then the bottom . . . then her net bra . . . then the outer G-string . . . until finally she stands there, momentarily, displaying the maximum while wearing the minimum, and the audience gives her a big hand.

Next, it's a "man-and-wife" skit starring a comic who looks something like Phil Silvers (a Minsky alumnus himself), only with hair, and a blonde who was in the previous skit. With dialogue strongly reminiscent of the old "Bickersons" radio program, the sketch opens with the blonde alone on stage as the man enters behind her.

She: "Is that you, dear?"

He: "No, it's your husband."

More of this and they give way to the Minsky Dancers (remember, they're the ones *with* the bras), and the Minsky Girls (the ones *without*) pass through the audience single file on their way to the stage. One of the outstanding (interpret that anyway you want — and you'll be right!) Minsky Girls is Darlene Larson, a perfectly-shaped 36½-24-36, originally from Canada, who makes her home in a Manhattan hotel when not on the road. She's part of the "Harem" number.

Following the "Harem" bit, there's "Cleo's Asp" with the boy-and-girl dance team. The girl, who happens to be Japanese, refuses to be photographed topless for fear her folks back in Tokyo will see the pictures.

Then another production number comes on, with most of the cast, and at last it's time for Jeannie Linero, billed as the girl with "The World's Most Admired Navel." All eyes, however, are not on her *navel* as she does a fast and furious belly dance and strip.

The next act has to be seen — and heard and felt — to be believed. It's a comedy adagio dance team, with the man lifting his agile wife up into all sorts of acrobatic poses, only to drop her with a resounding *thump!* onto the wooden stage. When she finally gets her revenge by lifting and dropping *him* — on his head — the audience bursts into spontaneous applause. The violence being what it is, it's a wonder they last out the engagement. They both know how to break a fall, of course, and the husband wears padding (the wife's costume can't hide any), but the danger is there. What injuries are covered up by their clothes only their physician knows for sure.

When the last *thump!* has died away, the two comics — the baggy pants one and his partner — return with two girls from the chorus and the blonde from the previous skits. It's "School Days" and the fellows are decked out in short pants and long wigs. For ten minutes or so there's much ado about nothing: the spelling of such words as "Mississippi" and "Peter." One of the girl spellers, after correctly answering the "teacher's" question, proudly proclaims, "There's nothing too long or too hard for me!"

Finally, and not a moment too soon, there's the third strip act, featuring Yolanda Moreno, "The Venezuelan Bombshell." (In truth, she came from Venezuela when she was 11.) She takes off one costume on stage, puts on part of another, then takes everything off (almost) as the audience cheers.

Then, sadly, it's time for the finale, with the male singer singing as the Minsky Girls parade by him, and the boy-and-girl dance team dancing, and the entire ensemble appearing for a curtain call. An hour and a half after it starts, the performance ends.

Just in case the traveling Minsky show never reaches your town — or anywhere near it — see the new movie "The Night They Raided Minsky's." Or, better yet, fly out to Las Vegas and stop in at the Silver Slipper, where Harold Minsky has been presenting girls and gags for the past couple of years, much like his step-father and uncles did in the 20s and 30s.

But don't plan on catching the Minsky revue the next time it plays the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. There won't be a next time. A month after the strippers and comics and showgirls moved on, the hotel, plagued by financial problems for quite some time, declared bankruptcy, kicked out its tenants and employees, and closed its doors — probably forever.



# THE MINT HOT ICE





**F**REEZE WATER and you get — ice? Right. Okay so far. Now, presumably, if one were to place skates (preferably ice skates) on one's feet, one could glide across the ice to beat all hell. But, as is usual, when you throw women into any combination, equation, idea or whatever, they tend to defy established laws, whether they be of logic, of chemistry, or of thermodynamics.

In the case at hand, so to speak,



*Skating on thin ice in exciting nude revue,*

*sizzling bare  
beauties melt  
viewers*

Del Webb, owner of the Mint Hotel in Las Vegas, put skates on some topless chorines, sent them to a specially prepared slab of ice on his stage, and sent them skating. Do you think the ice cooled their hot little numbers? Hell no! They melted the ice so quickly it never had a chance to become liquid, but turned immediately to super-heated steam which filled the cabaret.

Las Vegas is widely known as the hottest town for entertainment in the States, and the Mint Hotel, the town's tallest, has established itself as one of the most torrid. But Mint shows such as the aforementioned "Mint Ice She-Bang" are really only a part of all the lively fun.

The lounges and club rooms regularly feature the best in all areas of entertainment. The Mint does everything to please the customer, from the big name singers and comedians who cost the management a lung to capture, to the sexiest girls this world has seen — French, Oriental, Latin, you name it — who entertain with such feeling that any male is bound to come away with half-a-year less of living time.

Vegas isn't too far away from any spot in the States. It's just a quick hop by jet from where you are to the nation's most popular playground. So, put Vegas and the Mint in your vacation plans. And if you *must* take the wife, play it cool. Give her a bag of pennies, turn her loose on the one-armed bandits, and go get your glasses steamed at one of the Mint's torrid, topless floor shows. What the wife doesn't see can't hurt you. **C**





# THE FRONTIER

## SEX A LA VEGAS

ONE OF the more recent gems to be added to the jewel-bedecked belt girdling Las Vegas like the star-studded band of the constellation Orion is The Frontier Hotel. Opened in the summer of 1967, the \$25-million, 650-room complex boasts every imaginable convenience for luxurious living, exciting gambling, and entertainment.

And speaking of entertainment, The Frontier is right in there on the same level as its famous predecessors along the Strip. Featured show is *Europa 68*, in which a cast of 130 drawn from all over Europe, including several Communist countries, puts on a lavish, hard-hitting show that wallops the viewer with stunning impact.

A second show is the *Kook's Tour*,







a blend of fun, frolic, and sex, spritely appealing to relaxed audiences out for pure enjoyment.

Of course, while big-time entertainers are as plentiful at The Frontier as elsewhere, like elsewhere it is the gorgeous gals, semi-clad, who are the biggest attraction. Somehow, in some way, the showgirls of Las Vegas are always something special.

Maybe it's the atmosphere — the heady distillation of expanding spirits emanating from human vessels, frenetically seeking fun and fortune, so that the girls themselves seem more intoxicating than in other places.

Whatever it is, though, to really see something new, something different, n sex on the hoof, one must see it at Las Vegas.



# CRAZY HORSE SALOON



## SEXY PSYC HEDE LICS

**T**HE STRIP TEASE has long been classified as a high form of art in the pulsating realm of Erotica, and psychedelics have recently been noted to enhance the wonders of the erotic arts with bizarre contrivances.

The results of combining the strip with psychedelics is wild: the mixture comes out of the sack like one huge, throbbing, swirling, grinding trip into the flesh and soul of the erotic. And though it's not a particularly modern bag in the Orient, the combination is currently blowing up-tight occidental minds.

Catching the psych-sex scene on the upbeat, Alain Bernardin, manager of the Parisian Crazy Horse Saloon, has bumping G-strings coming on (off?) like little David's mind-popping slingshot. Bernardin dresses his sexy dolls in hip Mod styles — from leather boots and belts to lacy frills in appropriate places — then he washes them with throbbing psychedelic lights, bathes them with soaring electronic sounds, and instructs them to take it off with lotsa soul. The effect is like an acid trip into sex, without the acid-risk of flipping out.

For some time now, interest in burlesque has been in a tail spin. It has long been apparent that some new spark of life was needed to bring the strip back into prominence. And the people at the Crazy Horse Saloon believe they have found that spark. Proof is in the box office, and the evidence is very positive, for the shapely young strippers,

dressed in the latest fashions, have been peeling to packed houses night after night.

The reason for the resurgence of interest in the strip seems to go beyond the uniqueness of approach. Actually, it is the approach itself that is grabbing Parisian night prowlers. Apparently the modern male is developing a more sophisticated eye for the artistic and colorful. He now demands much more than the old bump-and-grind to hold his interest. The hip man now requires the strip to be artistic in a complete sense. And that is precisely what Bernardin has done in his club. He has constructed a totally modern environment of fashion, color and sound, and has changed the bump-and-grind to sensual dance.

In the United States, topless discotheques have partially provided this total environment, though they essentially feature boobs bouncing to a shing-a-ling beat. But if the psychedelic strip is imported to the states, there will be quite a few unfinished drinks making puddles on night club tables. Every man who still has a molecule of cool in his brain, and who wants his mind bended in a groovy new direction, will be swinging on down to the old burlesque houses where he can find sex in the raw shaking to a crazy new rhythm.

It is literally impossible to photograph this brand new scene as it really happens. The sound, of course, is missing, and the full impact of light and movement cannot





*The strip is flipping out with erotic psychedelics*







be completely represented, but then a photo is never as pleasing as the real thing. However, our *Cabaret* photog in Paris, Giancarlo Botti, was able to capture stop-action flashes of what happens inside your head when the lights are blinking and the chick on the stage is undulating to psychedelic sounds.

So next time you are in Europe (if you're permitted to

leave the shores of our country) be sure to catch the Paris cabaret scene, and especially the Crazy Horse Saloon. If you do, you will be treated to a totally new experience with the erotic, and you will leave the cabaret with your head buzzing and your mind popping as never before.

If you are in Paris and miss the Crazy Horse scene — well, what can we say to a loser?

**C**



*A bevy of shapely girls,  
covered with little but lace have  
foggy London on a swing*

**T**HE NAUGHTINESS, gaiety and splendor of the Parisian cabarets have invaded London with a spectacular, skin-filled "Extravaganza" at Pigalle in Piccadilly, London's famed "White Way."

The emphasis at Pigalle is, of course, on luscious, barely clad women who turn the supper club into a feast for the discerning eyes of English gentlemen, and a pulchritude-palate teaser for the jet set. Pigalle's "24 Redheads" dance, sing and romp, wearing little more than feathers. And the show is so packed with skin, from start to finish, that any fellow who finishes his meal while it's still warm is not only hungry, he is totally blind. Then, as if 24 dancing girls weren't enough, the club features topless singers, a nude underwater ballet, a sextet of dark-eyed Spanish dancing girls, and for those who find the extravagantly clothed woman appealing there is a bevy of "Pigalle

# PIGALLE

Where sex and elegance



Mannequins." All in all, it's a sight for "more" eyes.

Apparently part of the idea of Pigalle is food for the stomach, so to provide the clientele with an excuse to pick up their forks, the management provides interludes of music from the internationally famous "Les Cinq Peres," and a bit of magic from the slighting hands of Johnny Hart, magician extraordinary.

"Extravaganza" is daringly different from anything else in London, both in sex appeal and content. Even in this period of time when England is exporting such a volume of good entertainment, it is a compliment to English good taste and humility that they know where to shop for the finest in feminine charm. Importing topnotch French revues, the management has combined these with

a delectable cuisine, dancing to big band sounds and the highest level of English efficiency in service.

The discerning traveler, searching for cabarets with a cosmopolitan flavor will find the Pigalle's atmosphere an appealing combination of English composure, and the something about French women which is so very naughty and nice. So, if you are headed for England and will be searching for the people and places that make London swing, go first to Pigalle in Piccadilly where the fun begins. You will meet the people there who can take you on an excitement charged Odyssey through the best of English nightlife. And you will note that no matter where you go to get your kicks, the real fun begins and ends at Pigalle. It's a gas.

C

are mated



A topless song and dance number (above) features Pigalle's 24 Redheads who are a big factor in "Extravaganza's" success. Barely dressed with flower and beads (right), a lovely chorus girl gives her all in exciting finale.





C





**NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT**



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and LOVES**

**REVEALING  
SCENES  
on  
STAGE  
and  
OFF**

